

The History of

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but *Sir John*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that, And for their barenesse, I am sure they never learnt that of me.

Prin. No i'll be sworne, unlesse you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

West. He is, *Sir John*, I feare we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'll fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Ver. So doe we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd, stir not to night.

Ver. Do not my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counsell well;
Thou speakest it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not slander, *Douglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well-respected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counsell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day lives:
Let it be seene to morrow in the battell, which of us teares.

Dow. Yea, or to night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To night, say I,

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horses
Of my cousin *Vernons* are not yet come up.

Henry the

Your Uncle *Worcesters* Horse
And now their pride and meta
Their courage with hard labour
That not a horse is halfe the

Hot. So are the horses of th
In generall journey bated and
The better part of ours are full

Wor. The number of the King
For gods sake, Cousin, stay ti

The Trumpet sounds a par

Blunt. I come with gracie
If you vouchsafe me hearing

Hot. Welcome, sir *Walter B*
You were of our determinat
Some of us love you well, and
Envy your great deservings a
Because you are not of our qu
But stand against us like an En

Blunt. And God defend, bu
So long as out of limit and tr
You stand against anoynted M
But to my charge. The King
The nature of your griefes ear
You conjure from the brest of
Such bold Hostility, teaching
Audacious cruelty. If that th
Have any way your good defe
Which he confessest to be m
He bids you name your griefe
You shall have your desire wi
And pardon absolute for your
Herein mis-led by your sugge

Hot. The King is kind: and
Knowes at what time to pron
My Father, my Uncle, and m
Did give him that same roya
And when he was not fixe an
Sicke in the worlds regard, w

Your